Bul. I haue too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bul. To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a travell, that thou takeſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow
By thinking on phantaſticke Summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth ever rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gau. Come, come (my ſonne) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell; ſweet ſoyle adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerve. Coſin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high *Hereford* on his way.

Aum.

Aum. I brought high Here
But to the next high way, an
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of
Aum. Faith none by me: e
Which then blew bitterly ag
Awak'd the ſleepy rhewme, a
Did grace our hollow parting
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin
Au. Farewell: & for my hea
Should ſo prophane the word
To counterfeit oppreſſion of
That word ſeem'd buried in
Marry, would the word farev
And added yeeres to his ſho
He ſhould have had a volum
But ſince it would not, he ha
Rich. He is our Coſin (Co
When time ſhall call him ho
Whether our kinſman come
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to th
How he did ſeeme to dive i
With humble, and familiar co
What reverence he did throw
Wooing poore Craftſmen, w
And patient under-bearing
As 'twere to baniſh their affe
Off goes his bonnet to an
A brace of Dray-men bid G
And had the tribute of his
With thankes my Countrime
As were our England in reue
And he our ſubjects next de
Gr. VVell, he is gone, and
Now for the Rebels, which
Expedient mannage muſt be
Ere further leyſure, yeeld the
For their aduantage, and you